Like The Stars by byerswill

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Boys Kissing, First Date, Fluff, Hickeys, I Will Go Down With This Ship, Kissing, M/M, Making Out, Underage smoking (brief), also it's my first time writing ryers, anyways i hope u enjoy, cursing, ryers, so im sorry if its so bad????, the fluffiest, this is gay
Language: English
Characters: Joyce Byers, Richie Tozier, Will Byers
Relationships: Will Byers/Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-01-20
Updated: 2018-01-20
Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:26:58
Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,790
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Will Byers can't help but admire just how cute Richie Tozier is after their first date.

Like The Stars

Author's Note:

> hi! im new to ao3 but ive been writing fic for years, just haven't posted any in a very long time! i am a s u c k e r for ryers? theyre so cute and i love this crossover. im sorry if they seem ooc or the dialogue isn't good, i'm new to writing this ship!!! i hope u enjoy bc the ryers tag is super dry and lacking, so i decided to put my own addition into it! thanks guys:-)

The night was no longer young, as the crickets sang and the squirrels in the forest skittered away to their hideaways. Above, a deep black color was displayed across the town, at its darkest setting with no moon filling up the shadows. Each star twinkled with individuality, a stark contrast from the monotonous sky. However, the only little dots that actually gathered Will's attention were the pale brown freckles that dawned upon the beautiful boy's cheeks with such sporadicity that the combinations seemed almost infinite, as if they just sprouted every single day in different areas on his flesh; never one in the same from where it was before. A series of constellations on skin; connecting and intertwining to form creations for the universe that no one could explain.

Richie was leaned against the stucco material next to the wooden frame of Will's front door. He had just finished a cigarette about fifteen minutes ago, the stale smell still lingering around him like an aura. Will always had a connection to the smell. Growing up, his mother smoked constantly when the stress of Lonnie became too much, or her tendency to overwork began to eat her alive. He had become accustomed to the strong scent, not minding it at all. Especially when it mixed with the woody smell of his cologne. Will was directly in front of Richie, enjoying the closeness of the two, yet Will was unsatisfied. Will wanted nothing more than to grab Richie and press himself to his frame, becoming enveloped in his arms and intertwining Richie's scent to his own.

Before Will could dwell too much into the thought of where their

proximity could end up, Richie interrupted his thoughts, sitting up from the lean he had against the wall. Will stepped back, allowing Richie to move more centered of the porch of Byers home. Will followed, leaning himself against the dark mahogany wood that was much taller than his tiny frame. Richie towered over the boy, both a blessing and a curse on Will's end. Relentless teasing, yes, but also hugs where Richie could rest his chin against the shaggy brunette locks on Will's head, or Will being able to jump on his back and get piggy back rides from Richie, which brought him back to the moments of his childhood where he felt serenity and peace from gallivanting around and having childish fun. Richie brought out a side of Will that was drastically different from the "current" Will - the one that everyone has familiarized themselves with. Will had begun to accept this new him, however reluctant he was. Yet, until Richie waltzed his way into Will's life, Will had started to become accustomed to the way he truly was, not recognizing the amount of inaccuracy it held to his true personality that urged to come to light more often. Thankfully, Richie was there to prompt it out of him. Will had gained this new found happiness, along with a confidence that did not seem possible since the traumatic experiences from all those years ago. Those were distant memories now, muddling away to create more space in the confines of the smaller boy's mind. New memories now arose: a significant amount of good compared to all the horrific renditions he remembered so, so clearly.

"I had an amazing time tonight, Will," Richie spoke after what seemed like ages of, thankfully comfortable, silence. His voice had lowered to a soft, almost timid tone. His usual comedic demeanor had vanished, replaced now with reddened cheeks and stuttering breath.

"Me too," Will agreed, smiling softly up at the boy in front of him. The bashful energy between the two was nice; refreshing even.

Will couldn't remember a time where his anxiety made him feel *this* good. Being around Richie made Will feel the fluttering of butterflies travel throughout his body; a herd of splattered orange and black Monarch wings traveling from his stomach, up to his throat, where he hesitated on the edge of spewing out uncontrollable word vomit or continuous giggles at jokes that weren't actually that funny. Please

say something, Will urged Richie with his thoughts, before I embarrass myself here and call you cute or something, or start laughing for no reason at the silence between us.

Finally, Richie laughed, a breathy chuckle that heightened the feeling within Will at a quicker rate than where it had been previously. Richie looked down at his feet, biting his lip in a failed attempt at concealing the adoring expression splayed on his lips. This was the first time, in Will and his' interactions, where Richie Tozier was completely and utterly speechless.

Butterflies.

"Wow," Will laughed, a sweet sound that resonated in the small space of his front porch. "Who would've thought that I, William Byers, could shut up the Trashmouth himself?"

"You just have that effect on me, baby," Richie quipped back with a smirk, adding the deep shade of red - the boy's pale skin broke out into - to his list of favorite colors. Will smiled, feeling the warmth of Richie's large hand that had made its way to Will's cheek, the palm resting against the skin while his fingers curled into the strands of his hair. Will leaned into the touch slightly, sighing in content and fluttering his eyes shut. Leaning here, against the front door of Will's house, surrounded by the sounds of Hawkins' nature and their light breathing.

"When can I take you out again? I'm pretty desperate to see your face, and soon," Richie whispered, leaning in a bit more so that Will could hear him. Will opened his eyes, and studied the boy in front of him.

The unruly mess of raven curls seemed to scatter in different directions - each ringlet curling in opposite ways, some of the sections more curly than the others. Will took in the enchanting brown of his eyes, the way they held a certain grace and unpredictability that Will was enamored by. The sharpness of his jawline, however, was what Will's hand reached towards. His fingers grazed the skin of his jaw, feeling the scratch of growing stubble where the two met.

“When do you want to take me out again?” Will responded, genuinely curious yet teasing in his tone.

“I don’t wanna leave you at all, sweetums, you’re just too damn perfect!” Richie hummed in a Southern twang, a Voice of Richie’s that was one of Will’s favorites on the ever growing list. The cliche line causing Will to erupt into a short fit of giggles, shaking his head at the man in front of him.

“You’re such a dork, Richie Tozier.” Will whispered before placing his hands on Richie’s broad shoulders. The eye contact between the two was something that Will had never experienced before. There was a glimmer of passion within the depths of Richie’s irises as he bit his lip, concealing the growing smile on his face. Time seemed to go on forever as Will leaned his head up, standing slightly on his tippy toes as Richie leaned down.

The height difference was *definitely* a blessing.

Their lips met softly as the kiss ended far too quickly for either of the two teens’ preference. There was a soft smack as they parted. Will wondered if Richie felt the heat rise or if it was just his body igniting into flames at the sheer action. Richie opened his eyes, a look of intensity matching the one’s just below him before he threaded his fingers into Will’s hair fully, pulling the smaller boy back to his mouth, connecting once again. This time, however, the kiss was not as timid as it was before. Now, Will’s suspicions were definitely confirmed on whether or not Richie could feel the electricity between them.

Richie pushed Will against the door, pressing his body to his as his hands moved from his hair down to Will’s hips, squeezing lightly and drawing a sigh from Will’s lips. Will’s fingers tangled into Richie’s intricate curls tightly as Richie’s tongue brushed against Will’s top lip. Will whimpered, opening his mouth and repeating the taller boy’s actions.

Will Byers was not as experienced as Richie Tozier, but no one would be able to tell at the expert way he tugged on Richie’s curls at the root, or the way he began to guide Richie’s lip movements with his, leading the kiss, leaving Richie hooked on his taste. Richie pulled

away, both teens panting dramatically. Before Will could formulate his next thought, Richie nestled his head into the crook of Will's neck, leaving feather-light kisses against the side of his neck. He trailed the kisses down to his collarbone, basking in the sound of Will's breathy mewls. He stopped on opposite side of Will's neck where he had started, holding his mouth to the sensitive skin and sucking. Richie bit softly into the flesh, smirking against the forming bruise.

"Fuck, Byers, you're going to be the death of me," Richie murmured, finalizing his torture. He completed the fresh hickey with one last peck before bringing his head up, kissing Will one last time on the lips, then following to kiss the crown of his head. He inhaled the scent of the boy's brunette hair, smelling distinctly of green apple. Who would've thought green apple would be the cutest smell in the entire universe? Richie smiled at the thought, pulling away.

"I think I should go now," Richie breathed out, forehead pressing into Will's as he planted yet another kiss to Will's swollen lips. He continued to repeat this action, leaving Will breathless and craving more.

"Rich, you need to go home," Will's hand rested against Richie's bicep, squeezing slightly as Richie kissed him one last time.

"I know, I know," Richie sighed. "I'd rather just stand here, freezing my ass off on your front porch,"

"No you wouldn't,"

"I absolutely would! If that means getting to kiss your perfect fucking face over and over, then you definitely have my attention,"

"That isn't how life works,"

"Why not? Can't we just make out, all the time, me and you?"

"You and me," Will corrected.

"Did you just correct my grammar?" Richie gasped, feigning offense, backing away as Will gently smacked his chest. "I cannot believe you took advantage of my innocence and then you make fun of my

English! I'm ashamed, Sir!”

“Shhh!” Will whispered, laughing. “Go home, please!”

“Only if you promise that I get to kiss you a ton next time I see you,” Richie pleaded.

“Fine, fine!” Will laughed, blushing and breathless. “You can kiss me a ton, I promise, just please go before it gets any later,”

Richie left the warm embrace the two had shared, grabbing onto Will’s hand as he began walking backwards slowly, giggling along with Will and matching the fiery red that graced his cheeks. Will reluctantly let go of Richie’s hand as he made his way down the steps of the deck. He watched as the boy turn around and walked back to his beat up Ford, a slight spring in his step as he made his way down the grey gravel driveway surrounded by dark green pine trees.

“Wait!” Will called out. Richie turned around, confused.

“What’s up, buttercup?” Richie’s voice rang out in the night. Will rolled his eyes fondly.

“Pick me up tomorrow at 1. I’m taking you out to lunch,” Will answered.

“That is far too long!” Richie groaned jokingly. “But, I guess it’ll have to do, my liege,”

“I think you’ll be okay, Rich,” Will giggled. “I’ll see you tomorrow!”

“Likewise, baby!” Richie yelled back, opening the truck door before climbing into the driver’s seat with ease. Richie watched as the engine rumbled to life, the car shaking slightly at the refreshing change of pace from its halted position before. Richie rolled down the window, turning on the radio and looked towards Will’s direction.

“Hey, Byers?” Richie’s lips curled into a smirk, and even in the hue of the dashboard lights he looked so devilishly handsome it should’ve been a crime, in Will’s opinion. “I just want you to be aware that I am definitely not sorry about that hickey I gave you,”

“Neither am I,” Will boldly shared, waving to Richie as he winked. Richie blew him a kiss, Will pretending to catch it before stuffing it into the pocket of his denim jacket. Will smiled at how adorable he was. He glanced forward, eyes focusing as he exited the pebbled driveway and down the dirt road. It wasn’t until Richie turned the corner at the end of his street that Will deemed it a necessity to lean off of the front door.

His hand reached for the brass knob, opening the door as quietly as he could muster, stepping into the barely lit front entrance of his home. Closing the door behind him, Will began to smile, leaning his back onto the door and pressing his head into it, looking up at his ceiling. His nimble fingertips traced his still tingling lips. He could still feel the remnants of that Trashmouth lingeringly against his, molding together and creating a masterpiece shared between the only two who had experienced it. Will foolishly thought for a fleeting moment that the kiss was nearly magical, like in the fairytales where the frog becomes the Prince or the sleeping maiden awakens from her cursed slumber. It felt complete, and for the first time in a long time, Will felt as if he had found a lost puzzle piece in a mess of a busy room, finally being able to add it onto his forming picture puzzle and basking in the glory that had been created.

A cough dragged him out of his thoughts as he hastily looked to where the noise had come from. There was his mom, sitting in the green cushioned chair in the close front room. One hand holding a cigarette while her arm wrapped around her waist. She was leaned forward slightly, a smile threatening to break out across her features despite her attempt at maintaining an expression of ignorance.

“Hi mom,” Will spoke, blushing for what seemed to be the umpteenth time that night. He sat up from the door (Deja vu, much?) before he made his way into the living room, sitting on the adjacent couch directly next to her lounging seat.

“Hi sweetheart,” she bit her lip, taking an excited drag from her cigarette that she desperately needed to ash. “Did you have fun?”

“O-oh yeah mom,” Will stuttered out, his mind resorting to that earth shattering kiss he had shared with Richie just moments ago. The way Richie’s thumbs pressed so delicately yet firm on his waist and the

feeling of his tongue against his own and oh my god *his lips— You need to shut up, brain, your mom is right here!* Will scolded himself, continuing. “It was a lot of fun.”

“You know, I kind of assumed so, you were out on that porch for a very, very long time…” she began, a full blown smile now forcing itself past her barrier of feigned ignorance. Warmth spread up Will’s neck, cascading its way throughout his entire body. He felt on fire, again, yet this time it was in embarrassment rather than in enjoyment.

“Mom, we were just talking,” he squeaked out, biting his lip and furrowing his eyebrows. While attempting to avoid eye contact, she spoke up.

“You have a giant hickey on the right side of your neck,”

“MOM!” Will screeched, standing up from his seat on the couch as his hand covered his neck in lightning speed as he bolted out of the living room, making a beeline towards his bedroom. He could hear her loud cackle from the other side of their one story house.

“I think it’s cute, Will! My son’s first hickey!”

Will slammed his door shut, running over to his bed and flopping down onto it. The tan comforter and heaps of pillows were slightly chilled, providing temporary relief to his hot flash of embarrassment. He groaned, uncomfortable and bashful at the fact that his mom knew the antics he and Richie had gotten up to. Deciding to ignore it until morning, he flicked off his desk lamp and stripped himself down until he was just in his white boxers.

He lied on his back, staring at the ceiling. The only thing on Will’s mind was *richierichierichie* as his arms rest upon his abdomen, hugging himself and sighing.

Richie Tozier is going to be the death of me, he thought. Soon enough, Will had fallen into a dreamless sleep, despite the anticipation for tomorrow’s lunch date.

Their second date.

Will slept the most peaceful he had in months.